

## Baxter Springs News

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BAXTER SPRINGS - KANSAS

### "Hard Times."

It must be admitted that after a period of prosperity which has been unequalled both in duration and degree, the country is now experiencing an industrial and financial depression which comes near to being genuine "hard times." In a great many places large numbers of men are unemployed. It is reported that 200,000 are out of work in New York city alone, and throughout the country at large there prevails a general feeling of uneasiness which is at once a sign of business depression and a potent cause of it. In this situation it may be cheering and wholesome to recall certain facts which differentiate the present conditions from those which usually precede or accompany hard times, and certain other facts which are true of all periods of depression.

Material conditions at present are all hopeful. Crops have been and are good, and many lines of manufacturing, like the iron and steel business, are in a normal and healthy condition. These things are usually quite otherwise in times of pronounced dullness. Moreover, it ought not to be forgotten that the real wealth of a country increases faster during hard times than in any other period. Men are not only driven to work harder, and therefore to produce more, by the fear of being thrown out of work, but they save more. Luxuries are discarded; old clothes are made to do duty a little longer; purchases are fitted to income rather than to desire. Undertakings which involve risk are made to wait a more convenient season, and the country as a whole emerges from the period of depression with greatly increased resources, to enter upon an era of prosperity which will be somewhat proportionate in length and intensity to the duration and depth of the depression which preceded it. This is the silver lining on which it is well to keep one's eyes. The country has suffered no serious wound, says the Youths' Companion, it has no fatal disease. Rather is it in the condition of a man whose pulse has been arrested for a moment by a sudden fright. There is blood enough in the body—good, healthy blood—and it will soon start flowing again in its normal channels.

Ruskin, it is said, has written more sentences of inordinate length than any other classic writer of modern English prose. Frederic Harrison some years ago counted the words in a number of typical sentences, finding that in the earlier books it was no uncommon thing for Ruskin to run beyond the page before permitting himself and his readers the relief of a full stop. But in every case the sense is clear as day. Wordsworth's poem on the "Character of the Happy Warrior" is a notable example of sustained connections. Apart from the opening and closing couplets, the poem consists of two very long compound sentences almost entirely comprised of adjectival clauses. The longer of the two sentences contains 57 decasyllabic lines. This is probably a record in English verse.

The embarrassment of the underground electric railways which link together all sections of London, and which have now gone into the hands of a receiver for the readjustment of the finances of the system, is said to be due to the sharp competition of the motor buses and cheap cabs that continue to do a flourishing business on the surface, in the open. This explanation isn't altogether incomprehensible even from this somewhat remote distance. For passengers who are in no great hurry the charms of the top of a London bus, as well as those of a cab, for a shilling are irresistible, especially when compared with the dark, dank and gloomy underground traveling facilities of the English metropolis.

A St. Louis preacher tells his flock that the young people's habit of holding hands should be stopped. He explains that there is a nerve running from the back of the hand to the brain and another from the palm to the heart. "When a man takes a girl's hand and presses those two nerves, she comes under his control." Scientific blunder. The youth of the congregation are studying up on "nervology," while the elders who have been through the mill are chuckling at what the preacher doesn't know about holding hands.

## How Denis O'Halloran Transgressed His Code

BY B. FLETCHER ROBINSON

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Mr. Denis O'Halloran clasped his long horseman's cloak about him. He was a man below the middle height and of a spare and active figure. His expression was resolute and his eyes of a merry audacity.

He rode swiftly through the village street, easing his mount as he met the shoulder of the hill. It was an age when the wayfarer had still to rely upon his own weapon for safety, and he knew that after nightfall such waste places must have their perils. He reached the crown of the hill and pushed forward at a livelier gait.

For man Denis O'Halloran had little fear. He had already acquired some reputation in campaigns under an alien flag. But it was a superstitious age and he came of a superstitious people. Therefore, when pushing warily forward he rounded the spur of the hill into the full light of the moon, the spectacle which met his gaze shook his heart into his mouth and he drew the pistol in his holster.

On a little plateau some 50 paces from the road and circled by a rising slope, stood a gallows whereon hung the body of a man. The sight was familiar; by such means were the highways rightfully protected. But the corpse did not swing unattended. A few paces from the foot of the gibbet were two figures, the one erect, wrapped in a trailing cloak, the other crouching to some labor.

The crouching figure moved; the light gleamed on a pick as it rose, and the clicking sound came again to his ears. It was digging a grave painful and slowly. Presently it stopped, dropping the tool, and as it did so the other struck it so that it raised a loud wail of pain. A woman's voice, thought the traveler, and his blood stirred within him. With an oath he set spurs to his horse and galloped headlong toward them.

The man never moved from where he stood, but the woman ran toward him, crying, with outstretched arms. The traveler was out of the saddle in a flash and slipped an arm about her, for she seemed near to falling.

"Save me," she said, "for the love of heaven."

"Faith, madam, an' I will be blithe to do so," said Mr. O'Halloran. He looked down at her with satisfaction. She was indeed a fine woman, though not in her first youth.

The man advanced from beneath the shadow of the corpse, dropping his cloak as he did so. The moon showed him tall and lean, with a long face and a stern and melancholy expression. He carried himself with an air of dignity. Plainly he was of gentle breeding.

"It would be well, sir, if you do not interfere in that which nowise concerns you," he said sternly.

"By the blessed saints, but did ye ever hear the like!" cried Mr. O'Halloran.

"I perceive you are an Irishman," sneered the tall man.

"An' I perceive that ye ar're an impertinent scoundrel," returned Mr. O'Halloran.

"I do not desire to brawl with you, my good fellow. Let it suffice you that I have an explanation for what I am about."

"An explanation, have ye?" cried Mr. O'Halloran in vast indignation. "Then let me tell ye that amongst Irish gentlemen the striking of a lady admits no explanation. Sor, ye lack gentility. If I had the time I would tache ye manners with a cane."

"What are you?" said the tall man. "Jacobite fugitive, cutthroat, or an Irish bogtrotter on a journey? Pray give me so much of your confidence."

"I hold a captain's commission," replied Mr. O'Halloran with becoming dignity, "though in what army it is not precisely convenient for me to mention. Does that content ye?"

"I am at your service," said the other.

"May heaven aid you," murmured the lady.

Mr. O'Halloran slipped off his cloak, drew his sword and stepped forward with a lean activity.

The tall man was no match for O'Halloran and before long a prick in the shoulder made him drop his sword with an oath.

"Again, again!" screamed the woman.

Mr. O'Halloran paid her no attention, but stepped back, lowering his point.

"Madam," said he, "I have found this gentleman a very brave and ill-giant fighter. To be truthful with ye, I would know more of this business."

"Then I will bid you good-night, sir," she said coldly. "I can find my way to the coach."

"I must ask ye, with due submission, to remain where ye ar're," replied Mr. O'Halloran. "At least until

such time as I have inquired further of this gentleman."

The tall man was seated on the ground, nursing his arm, his back propped against the gallows. He regarded them curiously.

"My name is Yorke," he said. "Col. Francis Yorke. You may have heard of it?"

"It was tolerably familiar after Fontenoy," laughed the Irishman.

"An old man with grown sons about him married again," said the colonel. "Heavens, sir, does not the devil's opportunity lie in old men's follies? He had met the lady at a rout at York. He knew naught of her but that she was bold in spirit and pleasing to the eye. His elder son, a soldier serving abroad, saw neither the wooing nor the wedding; the younger did that which he could check his father's dotting desires. She met the lad and defeated him at every turn of the game. She laughed away his evidence of her past as malicious talebearing. So he perforce must watch this jade come flaunting into his home, knowing full well with what hatred she regarded him and what little hope of joy in life under his father's roof remained to him."

"Ye speak bitterly, sir," said Mr. O'Halloran.

"Is it a merry tale? Come, hear it out. Within a year of the marriage, over the border came the Highland cattle lifters with that Papist adventurer, Charles Stuart—What? Do I touch your politics? Forget it, sir, or I shall never have done. The lad was of an age for romance. His father's wife had raffish friends who made a pothouse boast of it to drink to their king over the water. Together they beguiled him until in the



"I Have Found This Gentleman a Brave and Ill-giant Fighter."

end he rode away to join—but, I must be careful—to join the most valiant army of the only true and puissant monarch of these islands, then about to retreat from Derby. 'Twas a pretty plot, worthy of the sex to which I observe, sir, you are a devoted champion. The old man was a whig who hated the Pretender as he would the devil. To him comes his good wife with loud lamentations. The prodigal son had ridden away to join the invaders, a Jacobite declared. She hinted at fines and sequestrations. Whereat the father swore that his son should never darken his doors again; and this may I say of him, that the sterner the vow the more closely he ever held to it. He had been a strong man in his day, both of mind and body.

"I will not tire you, sir, with needless particulars. The lad was in hiding for six months, starving for a year. He crept back to his home, was turned from the door, and in his desperation he stopped a coach here upon the moors. Information against him was already out, through whose agency you may best guess. He was apprehended and hanged in chains near the scene of his offense as a warning to malefactors."

"Ye should have told me of this before—before we fell to disputing," said O'Halloran.

"You understand, then?"

For answer the Irishman whipped

out his sword and saluted the corpse where it clanked and swung.

"He died for his king," he said, "though I had rather it had been at Culloden. God save the king!"

"You do us honor, sir," said the colonel. "In my brother's name I thank you."

The lady rose from where she sat, throwing back her cloak with an angry gesture.

"Do you believe this man?" she asked.

"Faith, madam, but I do," said Mr. O'Halloran.

"This woman beater?"

She scored a hit. He hung undecided, with a toe scratching the turf.

"Permit me to finish my tale, sir," said the colonel. "I learned that my good stepmother was journeying home this evening. Wherefore I took the occasion to invite her to my brother's funeral. I could not leave him here, poor lad. As she had hung my brother, it seemed but in due course that she should help me to dig his grave. Finding her opposed to the suggestion, I used the argument most likely to appeal to her. Our work was well-nigh ended when you appeared. Upon its termination it was my intention to escort her to her coach."

"You hear this villain," cried the lady. "He forced me to dig, to dig till my hands were blistered!"

"It would be a better grave were it a few inches deeper," said the colonel, "and the soil is light."

Mr. Denis O'Halloran thrust out his chest, fingered his sword hilt, and scowled at the gallows, the moon and the moors.

"By the honor of me house, sor-r," he said, "but I think that your stepmother will do well if she takes to the spade again."

### Wild Goose Story from Maine.

Here is a wild goose story from a South Harpswell correspondent: Friday afternoon as Edward H. Moody was working at Barne's Island Cove he saw a large wild goose sitting in the edge of the water. The wind was blowing a good breeze at the time and the goose had evidently got in the lee and was taking his afternoon nap.

Mr. Moody crept up and seized him by the neck and got one of the worst beatings of his life from the wings of the bird, but he held fast and took his prize home and has him still alive, and will keep him to show to his friends as a proof of the wonderful feat he accomplished.—Kennebec Journal.

### Oldest Princeton Graduate.

If Dr. James Curtis Hepburn of Orange, N. J., attends commencement at Princeton this June, he will celebrate the seventy-sixth anniversary of his graduation from college. He received his diploma in 1832, was graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in 1836 and is Princeton's oldest alumnus. He recently passed his ninety-third birthday. Of the 1,287 men graduated from Princeton university between the years 1832 and 1852, the 20 oldest classes represented by surviving alumni, only 151 are still living. The classes of 1833, 1836, 1837 and 1838 have no survivors. Of these 151 graduates only eight are classed in the records as business men.

### WEATHER FORECASTS.



Miss Gossamer—They say a ring round the moon indicates stormy weather ahead.

Sir Percy—Yes, and a ring round a girl's finger often indicates the same thing, by Jove!

Like Mamma.

Mother—You must not try to monopolize all the conversation, Ethel.

Ethel—Must I wait 'till I'm married, mamma?—Yonkers Statesman.

## ACCOMPLICES.

A rival to the celebrated Mrs. Malaprop is to be found in a certain New York street car conductor. The other day a party of several women boarded his car. They were not able to find seats together, and two sat on the opposite side from the others. The woman who paid the fares for the group offered the conductor a half dollar, neglecting to mention how many fares were to be taken from it.

"You're paying for those four here,"

he said, indicating those who sat in line with her of the purse, "and," waving his hand in the direction of the two on the opposite side, "are those ladies implicated?"

### Record for Marching.

It is believed that by marching 33 miles in ten hours and a quarter, with only one rest of an hour and a half, an English battery of mountain guns in Egypt has established a record.

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